And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:
And vs'st none in that true vse indeed,
Which should be decke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the valour of a man.
Thy deare loue sworne, but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Misse-shapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skill-lesse Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
But like a misbehau'd and sullen Wench,
Thou powts vpon thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy

Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before *Nurse*, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauie sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue stayd here all the night,
To heare good counsell, oh what Learning is:
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Doe so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide,

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bids me giue you sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Goe hence, goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chances here:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his Wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her Kinsman *Tibalt* dearely,
And so did I. Well we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, shee'l not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would haue beene a bed an houre agoe.

Paris. These times of wo, affoord no times to woe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night she is mewed vp to her heauinesse.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes loue. I thinke she will be rulde.